Conf
Pam
#812

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The Southern cr
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The Southern Cross.

In the name of God! Amen!
  Stand for our Southern rights;
On your side Southern men,
  The God of battles fights!
Fling the invader far—
  Hurl back their work of woe—
The voice is the voice of a brother,
  But the hands are the hands of a foe.
They come with a trampling army,
  Invading our native sod—
Stand Southrons, fight and conquer!
  In the name of the mighty God!

2.

They are singing our song of triumph,
  Which *was* made to make us free,
While they are breaking away the heart-strings
  Of our nation's harmony.
Sadly it floateth from us,
  Sighing o'er land and wave,
'Till mute on the lips of the poet;
  It sleeps in his Southern grave.
Spirit and song! departed!
  Minstrel and minstrelsy!
We mourn thee heavy hearted!
  But we will, we shall be free!

3.

They are waving our flag above us,
  With the despot's tyrant will,
With our blood they have stained its colors,
  And call it holy still.
With tearful eyes, but steady hand,
  We'll tear its stripes apart,
And fling them like broken fetters,
  That may not bind the heart—
But we'll save our stars of glory,
  In the might of the sacred sign
Of Him! who has fixed forever
  Our "Southren Cross" to shine.

4.

Stand Southrons, fight and conquer!
  Solemn and strong and sure!
The fight shall not be longer
  Than God shall bid endure.
By the life that only yesterday
  Waked with the infant's breath!
By the feet which e'er the morn may
  Tread to the soldier's death!
By the blood which cries to heaven!
  Crimson upon our sod!
Stand Southrons, fight and conquer
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